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Lost.
Oh, winds, blow fair! Oh, winds, blow free!
The port we steer for is under our lee,
And crisp waves curl on the clear green sea.
Home from exile, dear love, we sail;
Our ship speeds forward with favoring gale—
See where the cliffs loom somber and pale.
Running so freely, our haven near,
But little for tempest and storm we fear,
And life to each was never so dear.
Ah! Low wind is the seabird's cry,
How mournful and shrill is the wild wind's
sigh,
While white waves glance from our bulwarks
high!
Stern the frown on the skipper's face—
The wind and the waves have risen apace,
And across the sky the storm clouds race.
Hard down the helm! The black rocks show
Where the reef runs out so narrow and low,
Like jaws of hell 'mid the billows' snow.
Put her about! Too late, alas!
The strong ship shivers like fragile glass,
And hissing waves through her timbers pass.
Cling to me, love! My life for thine!
Round your slender waist this stout cord I'll
twine,
And so shall your fate be bound to mine.
Trust to me, darling! My strong hand
Shall bear you unharmed to the storm ridden
strand,
Nor shall loose its grasp till we touch land.
Bruised, wave beaten, we gained the bay:
My life was left, but my one treasure lay
Lost, in my arms, for ever and aye.

Mary Grey's Mother-in-Law.

A Christmas Story.

"So your mother-in-law is coming to live with you," remarked Miss Susan Skinner, contemptuously, giving her head a toss which set all the little pink bows on her cap a dancing.
"Pretty, plump, little Mrs. Grey opened her brown eyes in mild surprise at her visitor's tone.
"Why, yes, Miss Susan, mother Grey's last child has married and moved away from her, and now she is left quite alone. Henry always was her favorite, and I, knowing it would please him, suggested that she should rent or sell the farm and make her home with us, and she has consented to do so."
"Humph! all the more fool you! You have got yourself into a pretty fix now, Mary Grey. She will never leave you as long as she lives; you can make up your mind to that, and bid good-bye to peace for the rest of your days."
"Why, Miss Susan," said Mrs. Grey, regarding her old neighbor with surprise, "I don't understand you. I am sure I never want mother to leave us, and as for peace, what difference can her coming make?"
"Oh, you'll see," replied Miss Susan, nodding her head wisely, while her knitting needles kept time to her shrill tones with a sharp click-click. "You'll see! You will repent of your bargain before a month is over, mind what I tell you. Of all the mean, conniving, meddling women in the world, it is a mother-in-law."
Mrs. Grey began to feel a little annoyed. "What do you know about it?" she could not refrain from saying.
"Humph! you needn't twit me with being an old maid, Mary Grey! I thank my stars that I'm not tied to any man, nor what's worse, to any man's mother. What do I know about mother-in-laws? More than I want to, goodness knows! Why, there was my cousin Lucinda, who was obliged to leave her husband, and go home to her father, just on account of her mother-in-law; and Alice Lawson, poor little, weak creature, who used to live in this very house, was so imposed upon and ill used by her husband's mother, that they do say it killed her; anyway, she died just three months after her mother-in-law came to live with her. Why, I know of lots of such cases, and if a woman isn't awfully strong minded, her mother-in-law just runs right over her and rules the house, and, if she is strong minded, they are continually jangling and quarreling, so you see that, altogether, a woman's best way is to keep entirely away from her mother-in-law."
"But, Miss Susan, these are only exceptional cases," said Mrs. Grey; "I am sure there are good and true women in the world belonging to this class."
"Well, I'd just like to see one of them, that's all! I see it's no use arguing with you, Mary; you're too set in your own way; mark my words, my dear, you will rue the day you ever let that woman come into your house," said Miss Susan, in a tone of settled conviction.
"When do you expect Mrs. Grey?" she asked, rising, and folding up her knitting work.
"To-morrow evening."
"So soon? Well, I'm sure, I hope you will be able to get along with her," answered Miss Susan, with a little sympathetic sigh.
"Often during the remainder of that day and the next, Mrs. Grey found herself wondering what her husband's mother was like. He had always seemed so proud and fond of her, that she was predisposed to love her; to regard her with that reverence and affection which she had cherished for her own dead mother. She thought how nice it would be to have some one to whom she could go with all her little troubles and anxieties, some one who would sympathize with and counsel her; and how pleasant it would be for Henry to have his mother always near him, where he could watch over and care for her.
They would make such a happy family; Henry and herself, grandma, and baby Harry.
Then, in opposition to all these pleasant thoughts, would come up, in spite of her, the gloomy warnings and forebodings which Miss Susan Skinner had uttered. Could Henry's mother be a mean, conniving, meddling, or disagreeable in any way? No, a thousand times no. And yet the sharply spoken words had left their sting, and she could not drive the memory of them from her mind.
When train time arrived, mamma and baby took their station at the window,

to watch for "grandma." Soon the sound of wheels was heard, and Henry drove up to the door, and handed out a lady.
"Mother, this is your daughter, Mary."
Mary looked up, and met a pair of gentle blue eyes looking out wistfully from a kindly old face.
"Mary, will you let me be your mother as well as Henry's?" asked the lady, holding out her hands; and Mary answered, embracing her warmly:
"Indeed, I will! Welcome home, mother."
Miss Skinner, peeping from between her blinds across the street, saw the act and understood it.
"Oh, that's all very fine," she muttered, contemptuously. "A new broom sweeps clean. Wait a few weeks, and then we shall see."
It was two weeks before Christmas, and Mary was busy preparing for the holidays. One evening, after putting baby to bed, she ran down to the parlor to get her sewing, which she had left on the table before tea. The door did not open readily, and she tried it again, but found it was locked. She was sure she had heard Henry's and his mother's voice within, and thinking the door had become fastened accidentally, called out to Henry to open it.
"Oh, is that you, Mary?" he answered. "Run up stairs and get my cigar case, will you?"
Mary did so, and when she came down again, found the door open, and Henry sitting by the table reading.
"Where is mother?" she asked.
"Wasn't she up stairs with you?" replied Henry, keeping his eyes fixed on his book.
"Why, no; I thought she was here," said Mary, "you see you are mistaken," he answered.
Mary did not reply, but took up her work and sewed away busily, her thoughts keeping time with her fingers. She was positively certain she had heard Mrs. Grey's voice in low toned conversation with Henry, and yet he had the same as denied her presence there. It was the first time he had ever equivocated to his wife, and she could not overlook it lightly without knowing the reason. Why had he done so? Was there anything secret between him and his mother from which she was excluded, and if so, what could be the nature of it?
Well, never mind; it might have been about Mrs. Grey's affairs, and had nothing to do with her; but then, why had Henry have equivocated about the matter?
The little affair troubled her considerably, and her uneasiness was very much augmented a few days afterward.
She was in the kitchen one morning, putting the finishing touches to the preparations for breakfast, when she heard Mrs. Grey and Henry enter the dining-room.
"Are you sure Mary knows nothing about this matter?" Henry was saying.
"Yes, I am quite certain of it; and I think we have been so fortunate to keep it from her."
"Yes, it would never do for her to find it out now," Henry answered.
Mary wanted to hear no more, but ran out into the back hall and up stairs, whence she appeared in the dining-room as the breakfast bell rung, looking a little flushed and excited, but not enough so to cause comment.
After breakfast Mrs. Grey went out to make some little purchases, and Mary sat down in her husband's big arm chair in the sitting-room, and tried to reason herself out of her absurd fears and suspicions.
"What was it that her husband and his mother were trying to keep from her? Why did they treat her like a child, in her own house? She thought indignantly, it was shameful!
Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Susan Skinner, who "had run over to have a chat with her," as she said:
"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed at first sight of Mary, "how poorly you are looking! What is the matter?"
"Nothing serious. I was very busy yesterday, and am a little tired."
"Ah, one more in the family makes more work, I know. It won't do to wear yourself out this way; you must let your mother-in-law do her share of the work."
"Ah, indeed she does," exclaimed Mary, quickly, "even more than I wish her to, sometimes."
"Well, it seems to me she goes out more than you do."
"And so she ought. I have Harry to claim my attention."
"And she receives callers, too."
"I think you must be mistaken, Miss Susan. She has made no acquaintances since coming here."
"But I certainly saw a gentleman come here, two days ago, when you were down town."
"A gentleman?"
"Yes, and she met him at the door herself. Mr. Grey came home in about half an hour and took him away with him."
"Oh, it was probably some friend of Henry's."
"Perhaps so," replied Miss Susan, doubtfully. She soon took her departure, leaving Mrs. Grey's mind in a very troubled state.
In vain did she try to reason with herself; to persuade herself that all this was no concern of hers, it should not trouble her; still she could not help connecting the visit of this gentleman with the mysterious private conversations. Why was she not thought worthy their confidence? Why all this secret plotting and scheming?
In spite of herself, all Miss Skinner's warnings of a few weeks before came back to her mind with redoubled force, until she could have wished herself deaf before ever listening to that hateful woman.
Suspect her husband's mother, that sweet, gentle faced woman, of any treason toward her! No, indeed, she would not!
Still almost daily Mary found herself interrupting stolen conversations, and stumbling upon evidences of the secret, and add to this Miss Skinner's almost daily "chats" with her, which always left her feeling uncomfortable with the world in general and her mother-in-law in particular, no wonder that she grew

thin and pale, and lost her appetite. Mr. Grey and his mother wondered at it and tried in vain to raise her spirits. Her husband took her out driving daily.
The day before Christmas came. Mary pleaded that she was too busy when the time for her drive came; but Henry would not listen to it, and she put on her wraps and went. The air was clear and warm, and Mary felt much refreshed and invigorated when at last they drew up before the door.
"Run up stairs and take your wraps off, Mary, and then come right down; I want to show you something," said Henry, as he helped her out of the sleigh.
When she came down stairs, he was waiting in the hall; and, drawing her hand through his arm, conducted her to the parlor.
"What is it you wish me to see, Henry?" she asked, as they entered the room.
"Find out for yourself," he answered, playfully.
She raised her eyes, and then gave a shrill scream of delight, and with a bound, was across the room, standing beside a superb pianoforte.
"Oh, Henry, where did this come from? What a perfect beauty! Is it really for me? Oh, how can I ever thank you!"
"One question at a time, my dear; but I will answer your last one first. You have no right to thank me for this Christmas present. Here is the giver," replied Henry, going up to his mother, who had stood a quiet spectator of Mary's pleasure, and putting his arm around her.
"Mother! is it possible! Oh, you darling! how can I ever thank you!" cried Mary, throwing her arms, too, around Mrs. Grey, and giving her a rapturous hug.
"I am well surrounded, I see," said she, smiling on them proudly.
"I am glad you are pleased with your piano, Mary, and you shall repay me by getting all the enjoyment from it that you can."
"It is something I have wanted ever since we were married," said Mary, "but Henry could not quite afford it."
"But now you have your heart's desire," said Henry, "but at the expense of a little sinning, I am afraid. Do you remember one evening, about two weeks ago, when you found the parlor door locked? Mother and I were holding a consultation when you came, and I sent you after the cigar case to give her time to run away. I came very near telling a fib that night."
"Yes," said his mother, "such planning and plotting as we have had. The other day, when the man came to make the final arrangements about bringing the piano, you were down town, and I was so afraid you would return unexpectedly, and this afternoon they came and put it up while you were out driving; but I knew Henry would not bring you home too soon."
Mary felt herself turning sick and faint. This, then, was the secret which had tormented her so; these innocent plots and plans prompted by loving hearts! What a monster she was to have suspected this noble woman of any wrong! She felt like humbling herself in the dust before her.
"How white you are, child! The excitement has been too much for you," said Mrs. Grey.
But Mary knew better. Still, she kept her secret locked in her own breast; not by a word would she let this gentle woman know how she had been tempted to doubt her.
Mary had gradually dropped Miss Susan Skinner's acquaintance, and that worthy spinster often complains how "dreadfully ugly some folks have grown;" but Mary is only too glad to be able to keep out of the reach of her tongue; and finds her greatest comfort and delight in the society of her mother-in-law, than whom she thinks there is no better woman on earth.

The Wheel of Fortune.

Those in this country engaged in trade and commerce, says the New York Sun, are liable at any moment to be overwhelmed by financial panics, political disturbances, and other causes against which no human foresight can provide. The millionaire of to-day becomes the bankrupt of to-morrow.
We have had notable instances of reverses of fortune among the rich men of this city, the most recent and the most notable being that of Mr. Edward Matthews, the great real estate owner. Mr. Matthews owned buildings in the heart of the down town business portion of the city, renting hundreds of offices and stores in Broadway, Bond street, Wall street, and Exchange place, all at high rates. It is said his income from real estate alone, in ten years, beginning with 1863, amounted to over \$8,000,000. Mr. Matthews became involved, and his creditors are, as we understand, now seeking to throw him into bankruptcy. For many years Mr. Matthews, his house on Fifth avenue, near Eighteenth street, his choice collection of pictures by modern masters and his faultless equipages, have been much talked of in fashionable circles in this city. At one time nobody aimed at a better appointed four-in-hand than Edward Matthews. Now he is in very serious difficulty. On the twelfth of October last he conveyed all his real estate to his son, J. Brander. It is charged that this conveyance, which transfers property valued at over \$3,000,000 even in these times, is available. Certainly in this case the wheel of fortune made a sudden and disastrous turn for a gentleman who so long had been rolling in wealth.
Another painful case is that of the venerable Daniel Drew, who, at one time, and that not so long ago, threw about his millions in Wall street with the best of them. He could at any time during the successive years have retired from the street worth \$5,000,000, and he ventured once too often, and is now utterly bankrupt of his houses and lots, his farms, his bonds and stocks; they have all passed into other hands. Mr. Drew's case is a particularly bad one. He finds himself stripped of worldly possessions at an age when he can no longer hope to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

How to Prepare It.

OYSTER SAUCE.—Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, beard them and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, add the least bit of cayenne. Let the sauce boil, add the oysters, and as soon as they are quite hot remove the mace and bay leaf, stir in a few drops of lemon juice and serve.

ROAST TURKEY.—Pluck, singe, draw, wipe thoroughly and truss a fine turkey, stuff it with plain forcemeat, pack it up in some thin slices of fat bacon, and over that a sheet of buttered paper; put in a hot oven, basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before it is done, remove the paper and slices of bacon. Sprinkle with salt just before serving. Garnish with pork sausages, and serve with a tureen of gravy. Time of roasting two to three hours, according to size.

GRAVY.—Mince an onion finely, fry it in butter to a dark brown, then add three-quarters of a pint of good stock, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of ham minced finely, a sprig of thyme, one of parsley, and a little Worcester sauce; let the whole boil five or ten minutes, put it by till wanted, then strain it into a sauce boat.

TRUFFLE AND CHESTNUT STUFFING.—Mince one pound of fat bacon and a couple of shallots, give them a turn on the stove in a saucepan, then put in one pound of chestnuts, boiled and peeled, and one-half pound of truffles, both cut up in moderate sized pieces; add pepper, salt and spices to taste; a little powdered thyme and majoran. Give the mixture another turn or two on the fire, and it is ready.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Grate a quantity of horseradish, add a pinch of salt and two or three table-spoonsful of vinegar, then stir in a gill of cream beaten up with the yolk of an egg.

PLAIN BOILED POTATOES.—Peel the potatoes, pack them in a saucepan, and fill it up with cold water, add salt to taste; let them boil half an hour, then drain off the water, cover the saucepan with a cloth dipped in hot water, and folded up, and set the saucepan by the side of the fire.

CHRISTMAS MINCEMEAT.—Three pounds of rib roast beef, five pounds of apples, one pound of fresh beef suet, two pounds of raisins, stoned, one pound whole, two pounds and a half of currants, half a pound of mixed candied peel, the grated rind of three fresh lemons, the juice of two, two pounds of sugar, two nutmegs, desertspoonful of mace, one of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of ginger, one of salt, a fry syrup, and a pint of golden syrup boiled in two quarts of cider until reduced one-fourth, and then poured over the whole. Of course the ingredients are separately prepared, and afterward thoroughly mixed.

PLUM PUDDING.—Weigh out two pounds of the best beef suet chopped as finely as possible, and one and a half pounds of bread crumbs—made by rubbing pieces of stale household bread through a wire sieve; put these with half a pound of flour, into a large bowl, and work them well with the hand until perfectly mixed. Pick some currants and stone some raisins with the greatest care. Take two pounds of each and mix them into the bowl, then take one-half pound of mixed peel, chop it up small and mix it with the rest; lastly mix in one and a half pounds of brown sugar. Continue working the mixture with the hand for some minutes, and put it by. Put fourteen fresh eggs in a bowl (breaking each into a cup first to ascertain that it is fresh and to remove the speck), add to them grated nutmeg, powdered ginger, and powdered allspice, according to taste, and a large pinch of salt; then stir in a quart of milk; beat all up together, and pour it gradually into the other bowl, working the whole mixture with the hand for some time. Continue to work it with a wooden spoon for at least half an hour. Scald two pudding cloths, spread each in a bowl and dredge them well with flour. Divide the composition into two equal parts, put each in its cloth and tie up tightly. To boil the pudding place two inverted plates in saucepans filled with water, and when the water boils fast put each pudding into its saucepan. Let them boil four hours, keeping the saucepans full by adding more water as it is required, and taking care that it never ceases boiling. Then take the puddings out and hang them up till the next day, when the cloth of each pudding should be tightened and tied afresh, and an hour's boiling as in the first instance will make them ready for table. Serve with a sprig of holly stuck on the top and plenty of rich liquid sauce.

The Happy Tim.

The Rev. Adirondack Murray declares that the religion of the future will be Christianity, but improved. "My friends," he said, in a recent sermon, "I behold in vision the light of that sublime age; I catch a glimpse of that far off but happy time. I see the people of the earth living in gladness and peace. I see them beating their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. The desert blossoms as the rose; instead of the thorn is the myrtle; in place of the briar stands the myrtle; the mountains and hills break forth into singing; the trees clap their hands; violence is not heard; wasting and destruction are not within its borders. The sun goes not down, and the moon withdraws not herself, for the Lord is in his hands, and the days of man's mourning are ended forever." The Christians who live in that happy time will have no desire to go to heaven.

TAKEN.—Scene in a debating society: President—"We will take the eyes and nose out of the previous question." Member—"And or two, Mr. President: Friends, Romans, countrymen! lead me your ears." President—"Order, order! We will take the eyes and nose first."

The New York Clerk.

Young men in the country imagine that if they could only manage to get a clerkship in New York, or some other large city, their fortunes would be made. The New York clerk does not have so fast a way to a bed to lie in as many imagine. A correspondent writing on the subject says, "Take, for instance, the dry goods clerks on Broadway. Some of the establishments like Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's, Jaffray's, etc., have as many as two hundred clerks in their employ. They are expected to dress well, to keep up with the fashions, so as to be in keeping with the general style of things about them. They must be at business promptly at eight in the morning, a strict account being kept of any failure to do so, which is reported by the head of the department to the general manager. All the day long they are kept on their feet, under watchful eyes, and with a multitude of details to attend to; and at noon they must hurry out for a hasty lunch and be back as soon as possible, flying the day through until seven or eight o'clock at night. In the busy season they are liable to be worked until eleven or twelve o'clock at night; and in the dull seasons, which come on the city often enough, they are just as liable to be discharged at a week's notice, even though they have been years in the house, and been faithful in every way, and all this for from \$8 to \$15 per week. The head bookkeeper of a prominent Broadway house gets a salary of thirteen thousand dollars, while under him are no less than six men, having the brunt of the work to do, who are paid three dollars a day. There are men in other houses who enjoy princely incomes, because they have drawn one of the prizes of trade; they have a trade of their own which brings in large sums to their employer; they are paid for their work with unstinted hand. But all around them are men without this special advantage, though competent, who are barely getting a living. A large tea house that employs sixty clerks has only five who receive over \$10 per week.
How city clerks live!—considering the meager condition of the salary market. Living any way, in New York, is expensive, as living in a great city always is. Ten, fifteen, twenty dollars a week in some places gives a man all the comforts of modest expectation; nay, often gives one a trifle for the saving fund, or the luxurious. Not so here. Decent board will range up to ten and fifteen dollars; decent board—which means a narrow, close room, clean food—very plain—and nothing more. And then you come down peg by peg to the horrors and misery and lack and discomfort of New York boarding house life—the cheapest and meanest being five and six dollars a week.
Clerks pack themselves away in these holes, making them just sleeping and eating places, cast out from all amusement and society upon the town; or else they hire lodgings in some obscure quarter, and "live by the card" of cheap eating houses. They make all sorts of shifts to keep stylishly clothed.

To Distinguish Cotton from Wool.

Ravel out the suspected cotton fiber from the wool and apply flame. The cotton will burn with a flash, the wool will curl up, carbonize, and emit a burning, disagreeable smell. Even to the naked eye the cotton is noticeably different from the filament of wool, and under the magnifier this difference comes out strongly. The cotton is a flattened, more or less twisted band, having a very striking resemblance to hair, which, in reality, it is; since in the condition of elongated cells, it lines the inner surface of the pod. The wool may be recognized at once by the zigzag transverse markings on its fibers. The surface of wool is covered with these furrowed and twisted fine cross lines, of which there are 2,000 to 4,000 in an inch. On this structure depends its felting property. Finally, a simple and very striking chemical test may be applied. The mixed goods are unraveled, a little of the cotton fiber put into one dish and the woolen in another, and a drop of strong nitric acid added. The cotton will be little or not at all affected; the wool, on the contrary, will be changed to a bright yellow. The color is due to the development of a picrate.

The Russian Loan.

The success of the new popular loan in Russia has been such as to give the czar full assurance that, in case of emergency, he can raise a large amount of money from his own subjects before going abroad to borrow. The Russian czar has been so long in the habit of resorting to the money markets of western Europe when the funds were required that most people had supposed he would be helpless in case these were closed against him. But, during the last twenty years, and especially since the emancipation of the serfs, the financial resources, as well as the military power, of the Russian empire have undergone a great development; and we have no doubt that, as the czar has raised his hundred million rubles at once in two of his cities, he could raise ten times as much on short notice in his empire at large. The success of the present loan must give the Russians a new sense of financial independence.

Let Brown Walk.

A gentleman was very much annoyed at night by a person who was walking heavily in the room above and unable to sleep; he ascended to the room to ascertain the cause, and found a man walking up and down, apparently in great distress. His sympathy induced him to inquire the cause. At first he could get no response, and the man, with his hair in his hands, still continued to pace the floor. At last, induced by the kindly tone of his visitor, he stated the cause of his great anguish. "I owe my friend Brown \$500, which I am utterly unable to pay." "My friend," said the gentleman, "I can give you advice which will relieve your distress." "What is it?" anxiously inquired the distressed individual. "You have walked far enough," replied the gentleman. "My advice to you is to go comfortably to bed, and let Brown walk awhile."

Leave it to the Boys.

We desire to call the attention of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony to the degenerate and pusillanimous fashion in which young girls run away from their homes; for until something be done to give these young adventurers, presumably the boldest and most resolute of the sex, more hardihood and enterprise than they have commonly shown, we shall hardly modify our views in regard to the inadvisability of granting female suffrage. A girl gets indignant with her father because he refuses to buy her a new dress or a pair of earrings, puts on her bonnet and leaves the paternal mansion in a pet. She disappears for the space of twenty-four hours, her parents are in agony, detectives are set to work to look for her, and crooners go to dragging the adjacent waters. In the middle of the commotion a joyous dispatch arrives from some maiden aunt in a distant part of the city or some cousin in a neighboring town, with whom the wanderer has taken refuge. The truant household returns delighted to a delighted dress pattern she wears. This is ordinarily the end of a girl's runaway, and when the story is varied, as it sometimes is, by the ruin of the truant, her destruction is commonly due to her willingness to sacrifice herself for a place of refuge. There have been several escapades on the part of young girls in New York lately, all of which have terminated happily, and all of which go to establish this fact, that girls should not run away from home, for the simple reason that they don't know how to do it with any credit to themselves. Nature never intended them for runaways. Their style of dress is not adapted for running away. Their hearts are too tender to bid an eternal farewell to home in anger. They can't hire a hack or buy a railroad ticket without exciting suspicion. They can't sleep out under a haystack; they can't make a living by hiring out to drive mules on the canal. In fact they are incapable of doing anything that befits a decent runaway. They were designed for the domestic circle, and ought to stay there. It is their kingdom, where with due discretion they can rule absolutely. To run away is simply to abandon their crown, as King James did, and a restoration is their only chance for power and happiness.
Look how neatly and effectively a boy runs away. He has vague longings for hunting buffalo on the Western frontier, or fighting Indians, or sailing round Cape Horn. When his mother misses him some fine morning there is little anxiety about any bodily harm coming to him, but a dread settles over the family that he may not be back for years. There is no need to search among country cousins for the wanderer; no use in hunting about the byways of the city; the vigilant detective watches the whale ships bound for the North Pacific or the traders sailing to China or Japan; he looks after traveling circuses and makes inquiries concerning all red haired, blue eyed, snub nosed boys on their way westward by the top-of-the-Erie canal, or stealing rides on the freight trains of the Central railroad. He settles to his work seriously and solemnly, for he knows that while the finding of a runaway girl is a question of a few hours, the finding of a runaway boy is a matter of months or even years. The boy can walk along the country roads or catch rides on farmers' wagons; he can black boots, sell papers, run errands, and help himself in a hundred ways. The spirit of adventure sustains him and he fights his way along cheerfully, the buffets of the world doing him no incalculable damage. If any member of the human family was designed for running away, he certainly is that member. The girls should recognize this fact and leave the boys a monopoly of the business, even if they do in this way supply an infernal argument against female suffrage.—World.

A New Way to Sell Cows.

An exchange says that a new dodge for swindling farmers has just been put in operation. Several strange men drive into an agricultural district. They stop at all the farmhouses, and make a contract to take all the butter the farmers can furnish at fifty cents a pound. Further, it will be gathered up by a fast special team, and the cash paid for it at the door. The pretense is that during the fall and winter the large cities will be crowded, and that butter will be scarce. In this way all the farmers in a district are contracted with, and arrangements are made to come for the butter on certain days and at certain points; the contract goes into effect in two weeks. A few days after the departure of the men a drove of cows come along. They are fine looking milk cows. The farmers, having a good thing in view, think they might use a few more cows. They try to buy them, but the drover doesn't seem anxious to sell. Finally, however, he is induced to sell two or three to each farmer, and at prices considerably higher than the real market value. He then departs, meets his partners, who put up the butter job, and they divide their profits. The farmers of this vicinity will do well to be on their guard against this new style of sharpers.

His Story.

He came back to his mother, looking very forlorn, with a big red swelling under his left eye, and four or five handfuls of torn shirt boiling over his breeches band. "Why, where on earth have you been?" she asked. "Me and Johnny's been playin'." He played he was a pirate, and I played I was a duke. Then he put on airs, and I got mad, and—"Yes, yes!" interrupted his mother, her eyes flashing, "and you didn't finch!" "No, mother; but the pirate looked."

Withdrawing Their Bets.

Betting men in New York who made wagers on the general result of the Presidential contest are withdrawing their money, both sides consenting. One reason for this is the fear that the money will be seized for the charities of the State. Under the laws the authorities have a right to seize all gambling money for this object.

Items of Interest.

A glove dealer is doing a good business when a large part of his stock is on hand.
Steve Kirksey, of Mayfield, Ky., put a package of gunpowder on a hot anvil. He is bald headed now.
It is asserted that a snake with a fin has been captured in Maine. Even the snake stories are becoming fishy.
Potato bugs, chinch bugs, curculios, weevils, Hessian flies, grasshoppers, cutworms, etc., are the insect devils, tortures which afflict and discourage Western farmers.
A boy who keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.
In Russia, during the cold winter, if a window in a crowded ballroom be suddenly opened, sudden condensation of the atmosphere takes place, and a fall of snow follows, covering the dancers with flakes.
A gentleman, on walking out one Sunday evening, met a young Scotch peasant girl, whose name he lived near his house. "Where are you going, Jenny?" she said. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir."
A Canadian farmer missed a valuable heifer, and, after several days' unavailing search, found that she had eaten her way thirty feet into a straw stack. She had taken a winding course inside the stack, which accounts for her not having eaten her way through.
John Kelly, chief of the Tammany Society of New York, was married to Miss Teresa Mullen, a niece of Cardinal McCloskey. Mr. Kelly is fifty years of age and his bride twenty-six. The parties were married by the cardinal at his residence, with the simplest forms of the Roman church.
The mail from Coors to Forbes, in Australia, is carried by a mounted carrier. The distance between the two places is sixty miles, and this one individual has ridden the route six times in a week during seven consecutive years. The distance he has ridden in that period is 131,460 miles.
As to Dr. Doughty's personal appearance, much depends on Tilden's being inaugurated. Dr. Doughty lives in Covington, Ky., had sixteen years ago when that he was then using until a Democratic President was sworn in. The old hat is exceedingly dilapidated.
The Engineer gives instances of the highest railway speed on record. On several of the English railways a speed has been reached equal to seventy-eight, seventy-five, seventy-two and sixty-nine miles an hour. If somebody would give statistics of the safest railways, it would be interesting.
The lowest temperature in the Arctic seas recorded by Capt. Ross, in 1820, was fifty deg. below zero; by Dr. Kane in 1853, seventy deg.; by Dr. Hayes in 1861, sixty-eight and one-half deg.; by Capt. Nares in 1876, seventy-two deg. A Russian traveler named Niveroff once registered seventy-two deg. at Yakoutsk, Siberia.
By statistics it is shown that within the limits of the island of Java every year about three hundred people are eaten by carnivora, two hundred by the crocodiles, one hundred killed by the rhinoceros, five hundred killed by lightning, while one hundred die by snake bites, and a varying number by earthquakes and volcanic action.
A man rushed into a restaurant and, flopping into a chair, called for "oalf's head soup." "Oalf said what, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Oalf's head soup!" roared the impatient guest. Admonished by the wrathful tone, the waiter moved away, but paused to inquire, as a kind of appendix: "You didn't hear him say what kind of soup, sir?"
A hotel proprietor at Morecombe, England, was arrested lately for allowing billiards to be played "for money's worth" on his premises. It turned out that a handicap game had been played by twelve persons for a copper kettle as a prize. The court decided that as it was a novel case the landlord should merely be fined £s. besides 15s. 6d. costs.
A method of defense against wild beasts has been discovered. One Mr. Jesse Smith, of Texas, was walking with his wife one evening, when suddenly a bear crossed their path. Being unarmed, Smith was for a moment puzzled. Then, seizing a handful of the sandy soil, he threw it brim's face. The bear recoiled, and, on a repetition of the experiment, was compelled to retreat.
The dairy farmers of England are an important class of the community. The returns of last year show that in England alone there were 1,600,000 milk cows, of which number it was calculated 1,200,000 were in the hands of 50,000 persons. The value of the milk produced by these cows, putting the price at sixpence per imperial gallon, and estimating that each cow yields four hundred gallons a year, would amount to twelve millions sterling.
Business Precepts.
We find it stated that the founder of the great banking house of Rothschilds made the following rules the guide of a business career culminating in magnificent success:
1. Combination of three profits. "I made the manufacturer my customer, and the one I bought of, my customer; that is, I supplied the manufacturer with raw materials and dyes, on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I sold at a profit, and thus combined three profits."
2. Make a bargain at once. Be an off-handed man.
3. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place. "I have seen many clever men who have not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice seems very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves, how can they do good to me?"
4. Be cautious and bold. "It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a good fortune, and when you have got it, you require ten times as much caution to keep it."